

Switching Places

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Summary: Simba and Nala wake up one morning to discover they are trapped in each other's bodies. Can they find the mastermind behind this and have it reversed before it's too late?

***Chapter 1*: Chapter 1: Tama the Terrible**

AN: Time for a new story, and a new enemy – the main enemy of this series. I think you know who it is.

Switching Places

Chapter One: Tama the Terrible

"Tama, how long do I have to keep walking for?"

"For as long as I say, you miserable excuse for a cub!"

Tojo rolled his eyes at that. He'd heard it all before from his leader and default best friend, Tama. Tama would agree with him – on the leader part, and not the best friend part. She preferred to think of Tojo as an 'assistant' in her evil schemes, and nothing more.

She was mean. Oh, *man*, was she mean! She was the meanest cub – or person, for that matter – Tojo had ever laid eyes on! Talk about irritable. If she heard someone muttering something about her behind her back then they'd be lying facedown in a river someplace five seconds later. Tama wasn't someone you messed with. Tojo was surprised he'd even survived this long with her, because Tojo was the type of person who Tama looked down on in disgust.

But for some reason Tama liked to keep him around, and Tojo was the only person who she let travel with her. She bossed him around all day, making him do everything she wanted him to. He was her loyal slave, and it was going to stay that way thanks to a deal he had made with her a few months ago.

Tojo first encountered Tama when his pride had died out. One day everyone was there; the next they were all gone. Everything was on fire, and the only other person Tojo spotted was Tama. She rescued him from the blazing flames, but in return Tojo had to obey her every command for the rest of his life.

It was only after that when Tojo discovered that Tama possessed magical powers. Apparently she was part of a mystical lion pride who had connections to the magical powers of the earth. Tama had many abilities, and Tojo doubted whether *she* even knew all of them. She claimed to have not been as experienced in magic as her parents were, because they didn't spend all that much time training her. According to her, they were always too busy arguing with some guy in the pride called Hago, because he wasn't very magical at all. This Hago guy didn't stay around for more than a week or so, and Tama hardly knew anything about him. She just knew that he was bad.

"Faster!" Tama ordered as she hit the top of Tojo's head. For the past two hours, Tojo had to carry her on his back, because she claimed to be 'too tired'. She'd been making use of that excuse a lot over the past few weeks, but Tojo just suspected that she was a lazy cub – which she was.

"Tama, I'm going as fast as I can!" Tojo exclaimed.

"You'd better go faster right now, or I might just have to squeeze your brain until it explodes!" Tama threatened.

Tojo narrowed his eyes in disbelief. "Can you even do that?"

Tama shrugged. "Who cares? I don't! Now keep moving!"

"But it's been two hours," Tojo moaned. "Can't we take just a little break?"

"No!" Tama snapped. "We're nearly there!"

"You haven't even told me where we're going!" Tojo exclaimed. "Don't you think you should give your assistant a little bit of information on where we're going *before* we leave?"

"Don't be ridiculous, Tojo," Tama replied. "Where's the fun in that? And don't argue with me again. Friends aren't supposed to argue."

"But you told me earlier we *weren't* friends!" Tojo told her. "You said that I was a nerdy, good-for-nothing, lousy, freakish —"

"Silence!" Tama ordered, closing her eyes and taking a deep breath. "You're upsetting my magical balance with the Mystic Elementals of the Earth."

"Do you even know what that means?" Tojo asked, getting the feeling that Tama was making up most of this magic talk as she went along. After all, how would she even know so much if her parents were too busy arguing with someone else to train her?

"Of course I know what I means!" Tama declared, raising her paws into the air, only for her to almost lose her balance and fall off of Tojo's back. She managed to cling back on just in time. "And stop asking so many questions! You almost made me fall off, then!"

"*You* almost made yourself fall off, Tama. Maybe once in a while you could stop being so controlling? You know, for about five seconds or so?" Tojo suggested, knowing what Tama's answer was going to be.

"Yeah, right! I thrive off of ordering people around!" Tama exclaimed. "That's why you're my slave – I mean, assistant. You do each and every thing that pops into my extremely intelligent mind. Speaking of which, I could do with a paw rub right now. My legs are killing me."

"But you're not even walking!" Tojo shouted exasperatedly. "Now you're just being stupid!"

"How dare you call me stupid! I'm good enough to provide a home for you, aren't I?"

"*What* home? Tama, for the past two months you've been dragging me around every single lion pride in the world. We're pretty much outcasts."

"For your information, I *am* going to provide you with a home," Tama informed him. "Surely your nerdy brain has heard of the Pride Lands?"

Tojo nodded. "Yep. Best place to stay in the whole world. The kingdom belongs to King Mufasa and Queen Sarabi. I know a lot about the Pride Lands. Why?"

Tama rolled her eyes. "Because, stupid, that's where we're going. I'm sure if we pull off my little 'sweetie' act we'll be living there before you can say, 'Tama, you're so beautiful.'"

"I don't doubt that. No one in their right mind would say such a thing," Tojo said with a grin.

Tama whacked him across the back of his head. "Don't make fun of me! I am your master, remember?"

Tojo winced as he rubbed the back of his head. "I have a hard time forgetting," he replied, as he looked ahead to see where they were headed.

Currently they were making their way through a barren wasteland, filled with nothing but dry, hard dirt and the occasional blade of grass sticking out of the ground. It was the type of place people went to die. Tojo just hoped he didn't collapse of exhaustion while he was out here, otherwise the buzzards were going to pick him clean by the end of the day.

However, he couldn't help but think that it was *Tama* who was eventually going to pick him clean by the end of the day.

Chapter 2: Chapter 2: Tired Little Prince

Chapter Two: Tired Little Prince

"Simba!" Nala exclaimed at seeing that Simba had fallen asleep again. She nudged him, causing his eyes to flicker open. "Wake up, sleepy-head!"

"H-huh?" said Simba as he woke up, looking around with half-closed eyes. "W-what did I do?"

Nala giggled. "You didn't do anything, Simba! You just fell asleep."

He chuckled softly. "Yeah. Sorry about that. I guess I just can't help myself when I'm snuggled up with you like this."

Simba and Nala were up late at night on the edge of Pride Rock, watching the stars – a favourite pastime of theirs. They loved looking at all the shapes that could be seen amongst the twinkling stars, and enjoyed dreaming up all the different things that could be out there in the enormous universe beyond.

Needless to say, they had been cuddling each other affectionately, and this caused Simba to fall asleep in Nala's warm embrace. She thought it was rather sweet, and it caused this funny feeling she felt in her chest, and she knew it was love. Simba could look adorable when doing anything.

"I'm surprised I didn't fall asleep *before* you," Nala admitted. She smiled and rested her head on his chest – which had now fully healed from the events of the other day. "I do find it kind of sweet. You're not like anyone else I've ever met, Simba. You're sensitive."

"And that's a *good* thing?" he said, grinning.

Nala looked up at him and nodded. "Uh-huh. I wouldn't to be with anyone else. You're *exactly* like me, and that's what I love about you. We're so alike." She grinned. "And I'd *kill* for that tuft of yours."

Simba lightly stroked the tuft of fur on his head. "You like my tuft?" he said, feeling himself beginning to blush. It was very rare that anyone gave him a compliment like that.

"Simba, it's the most adorable thing I've ever seen," Nala told him, as she moved his paw away from his tuft and stroked it. "That's what you look like to me: adorable."

A goofy smile spread across Simba's face as he stared at Nala through half-closed eyes. "You're pretty good, too," he told her before falling onto his back, eyes closed.

Nala waved a paw in front of his face. "Simba? Simba!" She giggled. He seemed to have fainted, which only added to his cuteness. "He never ceases to amaze me," she said to herself as she rested her head on Simba's chest and closed her eyes. She happily drifted off to sleep, her dreams filled with happy thoughts about the love of her life.

She and Simba had no idea about the out of body experience they were going to have the following morning...

"So... tired..." Tojo rasped as he crawled across the jungle ground with Tama on his back, absolutely exhausted from walking for around five hours. "Need... water... Death... imminent..."

"Stop complaining, you baby!" Tama shouted. "There's only an hour left to go!"

As soon as Tama told him that, Tojo collapsed to the ground, on the brink of falling unconscious. Tama's eyes widened momentarily, before she rolled off of Tojo's back and joined him by his side, an angry look on her face.

"Tojo, get up now!" Tama ordered. "I'm warning you! I need to get to the Pride Lands by tomorrow morning!"

"I can't go any further, Tama," Tojo told her as he took some deep breaths. "I can't feel my legs. I'm gonna be sore for days."

Tama rolled her eyes. That was of no important to her. The only thing that mattered to her was getting to the Pride Lands when she wanted to! Stupid Tojo, getting tired all the time! He'd only been walking for about five and a half hours straight – what was the matter with him?

"Fine, you win this round," Tama told him. "We'll sleep here and leave for the Pride Lands first thing tomorrow morning." She grabbed him by the throat and pulled his face to hers. "Got it, mister?"

Tojo nodded. "Yeah. First thing tomorrow morning. I'll be ready by then. Just please... don't make me carry you any more... I'm so exhausted..."

"I don't even know why I bothered making you my slave!" Tama exclaimed as she got to her paws. "I should have enslaved a big, strong lion instead! One who isn't just a pathetic cub!"

"You're a cub, too," Tojo informed her.

Tama gasped loudly, putting a paw to her mouth in shock, as if that was something she didn't know. "How could you say such a thing? I prefer to think of myself as a young, young adult."

"Same thing, really. And anyway, why do I need to carry you all the time?" Tojo complained. "Can't you use your powers to magically float to the Pride Lands or something? You know – *instead* of making me carry you all over the place?"

Tama frowned. "Do you listen at all when I tell you anything? I'm not the expert in magic, you know. I wasn't taught very well by my parents, considering they spent a lot of their time arguing with that Hago guy."

"I never did ask you before: what happened to your parents?" Tojo asked, curious. "You never seem to mention anything *e/se* about them, other than that they didn't train you in magic very well."

"Oh, they threw me out a long while ago," Tama replied quickly, causing Tojo to grin.

"Got tired of you after a while, did they?" he joked, still grinning. "I wouldn't be surprised."

"No!" Tama snapped angrily. "The pride I was in has very strict rules. One of them is that all cubs must leave their families when they reach a certain age in their cubhood. So one day they just literally picked me up and threw me out of the den, leaving me all on my own to fend for myself. It's lucky I have you – I'd be dead within a month, otherwise."

"You just use me, don't you?"

Tama nodded. "Uh... *yeah!* What was your first clue, stupid? Now have you got all of the information you needed?"

Tojo frowned in response. "So you have no control over your powers?"

"*Barely.* I could extend my claws right now and something totally crazy could happen to someone far away from here," Tama replied.

Tojo raised an eyebrow, unconvinced. "So if you extend your claws then something will happen to someone far away?"

Tama nodded. "Watch." Tama lifted up a paw and extended her claws for a few seconds, before returning it to the ground. "There. Somebody's probably running around burning to death right now, all because of that."

"I just hope you don't set *me* on fire one day," Tojo hoped.

"If you do everything I say then I won't have to," Tama said, smiling. "Now give me a massage – I'm tired from all of that walking."

Tojo's eyes widened. "But you just... And I... Oh, forget it. You'll probably rip my head off if I don't do it anyway."

Tama winked at him. "Got it in one. And don't forget – *in between* the toes this time."

Tojo gulped.

AN: Well, Tama's certainly a charming character, isn't she? Not sure about that Tojo guy, though. He's up to no good. Only joking – Tama is one controlling little cub. Not surprising, considering she comes from Hago's rival family. Come back tomorrow to see how Tama extending her claws affects Simba and Nala...

Chapter 3: Chapter 3: Different Bodies

AN: Time for Simba and Nala to swap bodies. How are they gonna react to this one? Read and find out!

Chapter Three: Different Bodies

Simba yawned as he awoke, his eyes still closed. He stretched out and sighed, smiling. It was just another ordinary day in the Pride Lands for him.

Man, that was a good sleep, he thought. I think it's finally safe to say I've recovered from my mighty battle with Hago. The heroic Prince is back in shape!

Simba opened his eyes and got to his paws, before glancing at another Simba lying next to him. "Oh, hi, Simba," he said to the other Simba, before realising that he wasn't speaking in his own voice. In fact, the voice he was speaking in sounded rather female, but Simba was far too busy worrying about why there was someone who looked like him lying next to him rather than worrying about his voice sounding rather feminine one morning.

Okay, who's this guy? he asked himself as he stared at the other Simba lying next to him. *Probably some guy with a crush on Nala who wants to take over my life. I know she's the most beautiful girl in the world, but does that mean every cub in the world has to fall in love with her? First Moto, and now some impostor!* Simba sighed, realising it was going to be another busy day for him. *And I thought today was going to be peaceful, too.*

Simba looked down, and gasped when he saw his paws were a creamy colour. *What the...? How come my paws look like that? They're not supposed to look like that! Jeez, you'd think I was turning into Nala or something!*

Simba nudged the lookalike of himself. "Hey, you, get up!" he ordered, before he finally realised just whose voice he was speaking in.

Unless I'm being really dumb, I just spoke in Nala's voice, Simba realised. Okay, just what is going on around here? Is this some stupid dream I'm having? I hope so, because if I'm speaking in Nala's voice then that means that...

Simba looked himself all over, and he realised that he looked exactly like Nala. The same colour of fur, the same size, the same voice, the same... Well, *everything* was the same! He didn't just *look* like Nala. He had *become* Nala.

The clone of Simba finally woke up, rubbing his head. "W-what happened?" he asked in Simba's voice. "Was that you, Simba?" The other Simba then seemed to realise that the voice he was speaking through wasn't actually his voice. "Wait! That's not my voice!" he exclaimed, looking all over his body. "That's not my fur!" The other Simba continued to examine his seemingly new body. "Those aren't my paws! And *that* definitely isn't mine!"

"Nala?" the *real* Simba said, cocking his head to the side. "Is that you?"

The other Simba looked into the real Simba's eyes, and his mouth dropped open. "Simba?" he said in shock. "Are you... me?"

Wide-eyed, Simba nodded slowly at Nala. "Uh... yeah. I think... I think I am. You're in my body and I'm in your body."

They just stared at each other for a few moments, before letting out a big scream, running around in circles on the edge of Pride Rock.

"This is crazy!" Simba exclaimed, not being able to understand this. How the heck did he end up stuck in Nala's body? This didn't make any sense whatsoever! "This is more than crazy! This is beyond crazy! It's crazier than crazy!"

"What are we gonna do?" Nala asked worriedly. "What if we're stuck like this for ever, trapped in each other's bodies?"

"Don't say that!" Simba shouted. "*Please* don't say that! I don't know what I'll do if we're stuck like this permanently. Although kissing would be a little interesting while we're stuck like this."

"Simba!"

"I'm kidding. This isn't right!" Simba thought for a moment. "We need to think here. Now, let's see... what *exactly* did we do last night before we went to sleep?"

Nala put a paw to her – new – chin thoughtfully, thinking back to the events of last night. "Well, we watched the stars for a while, had a little bit of a cuddle and went to sleep. Nothing out of the ordinary for us. Then I woke up and found out I

was... well, you. And you're me! This is so confusing!"

"Hmm... this new fur is really soft," Simba said admiringly as he stroked his new creamy fur, not even paying any attention to Nala now. "I can see why I love it so much."

"Simba! This is serious! We're stuck in each other's..." Nala trailed off as a smile came across her face when she looked upwards. "Ooh, I've got your tuft!" she exclaimed as she stroked the tuft of fur that was now on her head. "I have *always* wanted a tuft like that! It's so cute!"

"Aw, Nala... that's *my* tuft!" Simba complained, starting to feel a little jealous of Nala possessing what many considered to be the cutest part of his body. "That's *mine* to touch only!"

"I *am* you, silly," Nala said as she continued to stroke the tuft. "And if you're so personal about it then why did you let me touch it last night? Just before you fainted because you *love* me so much."

Simba frowned. "Fine. Only me *and* you can touch it. But never mind the tuft – we need to figure out how to get ourselves back to normal! Otherwise we might be stuck like this for ever, and I've only just noticed how wonderful it feels to be you," Simba realised as he patted his new stomach with his paw. "It's so light." He hopped up and down. "I feel so bouncy! This is great!"

"Welcome to the world of girls, Simba," Nala remarked with a smile. "Now you know how it feels to be me every day." Nala put a paw to her throat and smiled. "Ooh, it feels so nice to talk with your voice. It's a very soft tone. No wonder you sound so adorable when you talk."

"I feel like I'm walking on air," Simba said as he happily bounced up and down. "I'm beginning to wish I was a girl."

"I think you're getting a little *too* carried away, Simba," Nala told him. "But that's just probably all those different emotions you're having. That's what I'm like every day."

"So how do we change back?" Simba asked, wondering just how they were going to get out of this one. This was extremely complicated compared to the other situations Simba and Nala had to get themselves out of. Normally it was just the case of running away or fending off some evil villain who was out to kill them, but this was seriously different. They'd changed bodies very suddenly, and it didn't seem like anyone was behind it.

"Find the person who did it?" Nala suggested as if it were an obvious thing. "You know, like we do every time something like this happens?"

"Since when does *this* happen?" Simba argued, pointing to his new body. "Normally it's just some guy who wants to take over the kingdom. Do you see any crazy lions with staffs around anywhere around here?"

Nala looked around for a few seconds. "I can't say I can. But think about it, Simba. It's obvious that someone's done this to us. People just don't change bodies randomly."

"Maybe they do," Simba said in a horrified voice. "Maybe it's just a part of growing up. What if it turns out my Mom is my Dad and my Dad is... Oh, that's disgusting. I don't want to think about it."

"Simba, trust me, it's not a part of growing up. I know all about growing up. My mother taught me *everything* about that," Nala informed him. "Someone's done this to us, and we need to find out who it is."

"But we got rid of all the people who hate us," Simba argued. "Didn't we?" He scratched the top of his head. "I think we did."

"Yes, we did," Nala replied. "Hago and Scar are dead, so this must be someone new to us. Someone who really hates us so much that they decided to swap our bodies around. And the only way someone would be able to do that is by—"

"Magic," Simba finished for her in a worried tone, beginning to shake with fear. "But I killed Hago... he can't still be alive. Can he? Maybe he's come back to life, and this is his way of having revenge! I don't want him to be alive, Nala! I still have nightmares about him!"

"Simba, calm down!" Nala exclaimed, running over to him and putting her paw around him. "Believe me, if Hago was still alive then we'd be dead already. Am I right?"

Simba nodded. "Yeah. Yeah, you're right. So it's some new guy who wants to wreck our lives to take over the kingdom. But who is it?"

"That's what we have to find out. Oh, and Simba, don't look now because my mother is coming over to talk to us," Nala told him.

"Can this day get any worse?"

Chapter 4: Chapter 4: Cub Masquerade

Chapter Four: Cub Masquerade

Sarafina walked over to Simba and Nala, unaware that they had now swapped bodies with each other. She hadn't seen them since last night, and just wanted to make sure that they were safe. Knowing them, they had most likely fallen asleep cuddling each other or something like that. They were the cutest couple she'd seen in a long while – ever since she and her late mate, Muerto, were cubs. Simba and Nala just about managed to be the cutest, though.

"Nala!" Sarafina called as she approached Pride Rock, where Simba and Nala were stood on the edge. "You okay?"

Simba – still in Nala's body – looked worriedly at Nala, who was of course, still in Simba's body. "Nala, what do we do?"

"Well, talk to her!" Nala replied, glancing momentarily at her mother as she got closer and closer.

"What do I say?" Simba asked through clenched teeth.

Nala shrugged. "I don't know! Anything!"

Simba grinned and turned to Sarafina, who was now standing right in front of the two cubs. He laughed nervously. "H-hi, Mom!" he greeted her cheerily, trying to sound like Nala as best as he could. "What brings you here?"

"I was just checking to see if you were all right," Sarafina replied, smiling at who she *thought* was her daughter. "You two have been snuggling up watching the stars again, haven't you?"

Simba laughed in response. "Yeah! Me and Nala were snuggled up—"

Nala covered Simba's mouth with her paw, realising that he wasn't going to be very good at pretending to be her. "*Nala*, don't tell her!" she interrupted. "It's very... embarrassing, and I, uh... don't want people holding it against me when I become the most popular King of them all!"

"Overdoing it a bit, aren't you?" Simba said in a muffled tone as Nala continued to cover his paw. She pressed down even harder on his mouth, preventing him from talking completely.

Sarafina chuckled at Simba's response. "Fine, then. I won't embarrass you two any longer. Have fun *kissing* all day."

Sarafina then turned around and walked off, chuckling to herself. She *loved* to embarrass those two.

Nala removed her paw from Simba's mouth, and breathed a sigh of relief. "Phew, that was a close one," she said. "Nice one, Simba. You did a real smooth job at pretending to be me."

"Well, sorry but I'm not you, Nala," Simba replied. "It's just a good thing that you're great at pretending to be me."

"Oh, Simba, haven't you learned that I know *everything* about you by now?" Nala asked. "I know everything you love, everything you hate and everything you're afraid of."

"Oh, yeah?" Simba challenged. "Then where am I ticklish?"

"Behind your left ear," Nala replied with a smile, giving him a little tickle behind his left ear, causing him to laugh softly. "I don't actually mind being you, if I'm honest. I get your tuft, too!" she exclaimed as she stroked the tuft on top of her head. "I could play with this thing all day!"

"You need to stay focused, Nala," Simba reminded her. "We need to get our bodies back before it's too late. You never know – there may be a time limit on this, or something. Maybe if we don't get this reversed by tomorrow then we'll be stuck like this for ever! *Anything* could happen!"

"Well, what do you suggest?" Nala asked, gesturing for him to come up with a plan. He was Simba, the master at thinking up sneaky plans! Sure, he was in *her* body, but it was still *his* mind!

"I suggest we start looking," Simba replied.

"Looking for who?" Nala asked, cocking her head to the side.

"Looking for the guy who did this to us. He's gotta be around here somewhere, waiting to put the next step of his plan into action."

Nala's eyes widened with worry. "The *next* step of the plan? What makes you think there's another step to it?"

"Maybe he'll make it *worse*," Simba feared. "What if he decides to swap our heads around but leave our bodies as they are? How are we gonna explain *that* one?"

"My gosh, you're right!" Nala exclaimed. "This is really serious! Where do we look for such an evil person?"

"Why don't we ask someone who knows about magic and stuff?" Simba suggested. "You know – someone with an evil past."

"I hope you're not talking about me," said a voice from behind them.

Simba and Nala turned around to face Bora, who had a little smile on his face. "Actually, we *are* talking about you, Bora," Simba informed him.

"And why are you talking about me, Nala?" Bora asked. "I hope you're not thinking of throwing me out of the pride."

Wait, why is he calling me Nala? Simba wondered, before rolling his eyes when he realised that to Bora, he *was* Nala. "Oh, we weren't talking about anything like *that*, Bora. We were just wondering if you could detect any... magic in the air, or something like that?"

"What makes you ask?" Bora wondered, curious.

Simba grinned back at him innocently. "Oh, no reason," he replied casually. "We just wanted to double-check that there isn't anyone evil lying around, you know?"

Bora chuckled. "Oh, well in that case, no. The only traces of magic I detected this morning were far out in the jungle, but that's probably nothing."

Simba and Nala shared a sly look with each other, before smiling at Bora. "Okay, then. Thanks for the help."

"No problem." With that, Bora gave them a little wave and walked off, making his way down Pride Rock.

"Did he say in the jungle?" Nala asked, making sure she had heard Bora correctly.

"Yes, he did," Simba replied. "Which means that's where we're going. Looks like our new enemy is too much of a coward to stay in the Pride Lands. We're going to have to go all the way out there to get this reversed."

"And if we *can't* get this reversed?" Nala asked, daring to think of such a horrible outcome. As cute as his tuft was, she didn't want to spend the rest of her life in Simba's body.

"Don't worry about it. That's not gonna happen," he assured her, causing her to give a little smile back at him. "You still do the same thing, even in my body."

"What?" Nala asked, confused.

He chuckled. "That smile. I've always loved that smile." He grinned teasingly. "Looks even better on me."

Nala nudged him playfully. "Simba!"

AN: Bora's done well for himself, hasn't he? But what about Simba and Nala, eh? Will they ever get back to normal? Can then even *find* Tama? You'll get all the answers tomorrow.

Chapter 5: Chapter 5: Into the Pride Lands

AN: Ready for more of this crazy body-swap story? Well, I warn you now it's going to get a little bit weirder. But I'm sure you readers love that sort of thing, right? Well, you must do if you're reading my stories, otherwise you're just punishing yourselves. Now get reading whether you like it or not!

Chapter Five: Into the Pride Lands

Tojo awoke feeling exhausted, as per usual. Being pushed around day in, day out by that controlling cub Tama made him feel more and more tired with each passing day. These days, sleep didn't even help. He wondered how long it would go on for. Couldn't she do something for herself for once? She had to be the laziest person he'd ever met!

"Tojo," Tama called as she nudged him, wanting him to get up so she could force him to carry her into the Pride Lands on his back. All that sleeping had made her exhausted. "Get up! You said you'd carry me first thing in the morning into the Pride Lands, and guess what? It's first thing in the morning! Get that lazy butt of yours up!"

"My lazy butt?" Tojo exclaimed as he got to his paws, wide-eyed. "You're calling *me* lazy when you can't even be bother to walk? You know, Tama, you got serious issues!"

"Are you insulting your eternal master?" she asked in a threatening tone. She didn't tend to react in a happy way when people insulted her. If it were anyone else, then in a matter of seconds they would find themselves stuck in the bottom of the ocean with a heavy rock tied to their leg. The only reason Tojo *wasn't* in such a situation right now was because the tiniest part of her tiny heart had something of a soft spot for him.

Tojo frowned. "I don't know," he replied flatly. "Am I?"

"That's it!" Tama exclaimed angrily. "One more word out of you and you'll be hanging from the edge of a cliff. And a very tall cliff, too!"

Tojo rolled his eyes in response. "And how many times have I heard that one, Tama? Every day it's the same thing. You'd never throw me out, Tama."

"Oh, yeah?" Tama said, giving him a challenging look. "What makes you say that?"

"You need me," Tojo told her.

Tama laughed loudly in his face. "I have no use for you, you miserable wretch! I just keep you around because I feel pity for you."

"Come on, Tama. Surely you've realised by now that I do everything for you. You couldn't even walk without me. If I left right now then you'd be dead by tonight."

Tama narrowed her eyes. "Just let me get on your back. All that sleep has made me very tired."

A smile appeared on Tojo's face. *Am I right or am I right? She'd be nothing without me. I wonder if one day she'll realise just how lazy she is. Probably not, but I can hope, can't I?*

Tama clambered onto Tojo's back, resting all of her weight on him. Already Tojo could feel his back beginning to ache. If he didn't get some muscles when he became an adult because of this then he was going to be very angry! He deserved some kind of reward for doing all of Tama's dirty work, didn't he?

"So where are we going?" Tojo asked, double-checking to make sure that she *definitely* wanted to go to the Pride Lands. Tama had a habit of frequently changing her mind, and when she did do this she would blame it all on Tojo. Why was it that nothing good ever seemed to happen to him?

"We're going to the Pride Lands, stupid!" she replied, frowning. "I told you that earlier! Why are you asking me again?"

"Because last week you made me climb all the way up that tall cliff," Tojo replied.

"Yeah. So?" said Tama, not really understanding.

"So, you neglected to tell me that you changed your mind as soon as I started to climb it!" Tojo finished angrily. "And then you made it look like it was *my* fault!"

"Ah, shut up, you big baby!" Tama snapped. "Just go to the Pride Lands like a good little slave. That's all you're good for. If we get there within the next hour then I might let you have a thirty second break today."

"Gee, Tama, can you be any more generous?" Tojo asked sarcastically as he begun to walk through the jungle, while carrying Tama's body.

"How dare you ask me to be more generous!" Tama exclaimed furiously. "I think a thirty second break is generous enough! What more do you want from me, a thirty-*one* second break?"

Tojo moaned loudly. "Do you know how miserable you make me?"

Tama nodded, grinning. "Yep. That's life, kid. Deal with it. I saved you from your burning pride, so now you have to do everything I say. I think it's a fair deal."

"Fair? I'm beginning to wish that I *was* dead now," Tojo informed her. "You seem to get eviller every day!"

"Why, thank you," Tama said, smiling, as if it were a compliment. "I do try to improve my image."

"And this image is what exactly?" Tojo asked.

"My image of an evil temptress who all males feel compelled to bow before," Tama replied as she fluttered her eyelashes, trying her best to look attractive.

"Can't say it's working," Tojo joked with a grin. Horrible as it was, this slavery business did manage to provide a few laughs at the expense of his master.

"Hey!" Tama slapped the back of his head. "What have I told you about insulting me? You're lucky I don't feed your legs to you one by one!"

"I think I'd be dead long before I got the chance to swallow *one* of my own legs," said Tojo. "Your threats seem to lack... well, *threat*. Now how far is it to the Pride Lands? I can feel my paws already starting to ache. You need to lose some weight."

"It's only an hour or so, Tojo," Tama replied. "Then all I have to do is sweet-talk the King into letting us become part of the pride."

"How are we going to do that?" Tojo wondered.

"We'll need a convincing cover story," Tama replied. "So of course we'll go with the classic 'we're poor orphans with no home' story. That seems to do the trick with most places."

"Yeah, but what if they find out about your magic powers of evil?"

"No one needs to know they're *evil*," Tama told him. "I'll just say they're an accident given to me. Like a birth defect."

"I can think of a few *other* birth defects," Tojo muttered under his breath, earning another slap to the back of the head from Tama. "Ow!" he cried, rubbing the back of his head. "What was that for?"

"I heard that!"

Chapter 6: Chapter 6: New Experiences

Chapter Six: New Experiences

"This body is making me feel all warm and fuzzy," Simba told Nala as they traipsed through the empty Outlands, making their way towards the jungle where they hoped they would find the mastermind who had made them swap their bodies with each other. "I think there might be something wrong with it."

"That's how I feel every day, Simba," Nala told him. "It's just something that you have to put up with."

"Why? What is it?" Simba asked, curious.

"It's how I feel about you, Simba," she explained. "It's a very warm and fuzzy feeling in your stomach. Well, for *me* it is. When I'm in your body I can feel it all in my heart."

"Well, that's where I feel it," Simba informed her, causing her to grin back at him. Even though Nala was in his body, she still used that same old grin she always did. The switch appeared to swap around some things, but kept others the same. It was a very odd experience for the two of them. "I always feel it in my heart whenever I look at you."

"Aw..." Nala blushed and licked his cheek affectionately. "You never stop being so sweet, do you, Simba?"

"I guess not," he replied, also blushing. "There is just one thing I need to ask you, though."

"What is it, Simba?"

"Well, if I'm getting this fuzzy feeling that *you* normally have, does that mean that I'm falling in love with myself?" he asked, curious.

Nala giggled in response. "Simba, you've been in love with yourself ever since I first met you. It's the way you've always been," she joked.

Simba growled playfully. "Oh, yeah?" he said, before tackling Nala and rolling about on the ground with her, both of them laughing loudly. When they came to a halt, they found themselves staring into each other's eyes. And somehow, they couldn't help it as their muzzles connected for a kiss. It lasted for a good ten seconds, before they remembered that they still had to breathe.

"Wow..." Nala said in wonder. "That was... something."

Simba nodded. "Yeah. Not many people can say they've actually kissed themselves. This is so weird, but I kind of enjoyed it."

Nala nodded in agreement. "Yeah..."

Simba looked left and right nervously, as if to check no one was watching them. "Uh... can I have another one?"

Nala smiled alluringly. "One? You can have *ten*!"

She pulled Simba down on top of her and they kissed again. Today was turning out to be a lot more interesting than they first thought...

"That's it..." Tojo said, breathing heavily as he collapsed to the ground. "I can't go any further. I have to stop."

"Come on, it's only another hour or so!" Tama exclaimed, pointing in a northerly direction.

"You said that three hours ago!" Tojo told her, feeling like he was going to pass out any second now. He'd never been this tired in the four months he had been Tama's slave, and that was seriously saying something! It was like Tama was *deliberately* doing this now, as if she *wanted* to wear him down until he lost all feeling in his body. Although that didn't make much sense, considering that she wouldn't be able to do anything if he wasn't around. That girl worked in mysterious ways, that was for certain... Tojo didn't know *what* she wanted.

"Look, I'm *sure* of it this time," Tama assured him. "The Pride Lands are definitely an hour in that direction. Then we'll be living the high life in the greatest lion pride in the world. Isn't that what you want, Tojo?"

"What I want is to go to sleep," Tojo replied. "For a month."

Tama chuckled in an unimpressed manner. "That's very humorous, Tojo. Now come on! Get those legs moving! I want to be in the Pride Lands by this afternoon!"

"I thought you said you wanted to be in the Pride Lands by this morning," said Tojo. "Which was... about four hours ago, if my calculations are correct."

"Well, I *would* have been in the Pride Lands this morning if I hadn't overslept," Tama explained. "Which was *your* fault, by the way."

"How is it my fault?" Tojo squeaked. "I can't control how long you sleep for! That makes no sense! You just can't stand anything in the world being your fault!"

"Hey, that's not true!" Tama argued. "I don't mind mass starvation and blazing fires being my fault."

"Now I have to ask this: is everything you do motivated by hatred for other people?" Tojo asked, knowing what her answer was most likely going to be.

Tama put a paw to her chin and thought for a few seconds. "Yeah," she answered, and Tojo frowned when he realised that his prediction was correct. "It's just the way I've been brought up, Tojo. My parents were very neglecting towards me and my five brothers."

"You have five brothers?" Tojo exclaimed. "Gee, you learn something new every day. Were they all as selfish and evil as you?"

"Nah. Turns out three of them didn't like the idea of murder so we had them drowned," Tama replied, causing Tojo to go wide-eyed, completely and utterly disturbed. "What?" Tama asked, confused by his wide-eyed expression.

"Your family seriously creeps me out," Tojo told her. "I just hope I never have to meet them. What are your other two brothers like?"

"Oh, one of them ate the other, before eating himself. He was very interested in cannibalism and stuff like that." Tama grinned at him. "Happy, now?"

Tojo nodded, still looking very disturbed. "Yes. I'm very happy. Is it the Pride Lands you want to go to?"

Tama nodded. "Yes, please."

"Great." Tojo rose to his paws, and started walking. "Anything for you, my eternal, beautiful master."

"Oh, Tojo, I'd find that very sweet if I wasn't so heartless."

AN: Man, Tama's messed up! And how about that kissing scene, eh? Pretty weird, wasn't it? But you have to get a bit crazy at times. All part of the job. How will Simba and Nala react when they finally locate Tama, and can they return to their proper bodies? All the answers to these uninteresting questions will be revealed tomorrow!

Chapter 7: Chapter 7: Something in Return

AN: I gladly present to you the final chapter of this strange story. Thanks for all the reviews, by the way. I know I go on about them, but they seriously help me when I'm doing this writing thing. Keep 'em coming, for all I care. Now go and read the chapter!

Chapter Seven: Something in Return

"Right, that's it! You're gonna have to get off!" Tojo exclaimed as he collapsed to the ground for the fifth time today. Carrying Tama around just proved to be too exhausting. He simply didn't have the strength to keep doing this. If he carried her for a minute more then his back was most likely going to snap!

"What did you say?" replied Tama. "No one orders me around and gets away with it! What gives you the right to tell me to get off your back?"

"Because I'll die if you don't," he replied simply, pressing his face into the ground. "And then you won't have someone to do everything you say."

Tama frowned, and considered that point for a moment. "Fine," she grumbled before rolling off of Tojo's back and to the ground. "But don't expect me to like it. As soon as you start to regain some energy then you're back to carrying me around all day."

"Well that'll be ten years then," he joked miserably. "I don't think I can get up again. You're gonna have to leave me here, Tama. I'll never make it. Go on without me."

Tama narrowed her eyes and violently pulled him to his paws. "Nice try, but I'm not that stupid."

"Are you implying that you're a little bit stupid?" Tojo asked, dusting himself off. "Because honestly, I wouldn't be surprised."

"Is that an insult?" Tama asked in a threatening tone. "Because I'm sure you know, Tojo, that I don't take very kindly to insults against me."

"Oh, and don't I know?" Tojo replied with a miserable look. "Have you ever thought about, you know, being nice for a change? Because it would make my life a lot easier."

Tama shook her head and gave Tojo a pitiful look. "Tojo, Tojo, Tojo. It's not in my nature to be good. You of all people should know that. I've been brought up to be cruel and heartless. It's my destiny. I'm probably the only cub without a heart."

Tojo narrowed his eyes at her. "Oh, come on! *Everyone* has a heart, Tama. It's not something you can just get rid of."

Tama pushed her chest towards him. "Do you want to test that theory, Tojo? The results may surprise you."

Tojo looked at her confidently. "Okay. Fine. Let's just see if you have a heart or not." Tojo put a paw on Tama's chest where her heart should be, and after a few seconds, a look of horror crossed his face. "Oh, dear."

Tama grinned victoriously. "See? I'm a very original cub, aren't I? I'm one of a kind!"

"But... that doesn't make any sense!" Tojo exclaimed, his mind failing to make any sense of how Tama couldn't have a heart. He gave her a confused look. "How are you alive?"

Tama tapped the side of her nose repeatedly. "I may very well not be," she replied, smiling.

Tojo looked up at the afternoon sky. "Today has to be one of the weirdest days I've ever experienced," he said to no one in particular. "And it also has to be one of the most miserable. Seriously, I don't know how it can get any worse."

"Got ya!" someone cried as Tojo was pounced on by an unseen figure, knocking him onto the ground. When he came to his senses he saw a creamy-furred cub staring down at him with beautiful teal eyes.

Tojo opened his mouth to speak, but was cut off by the cub. "All right, buster, now I want some answers and I want them quick! But obviously not so quick that I can't understand what you're saying!"

"Answers?" said Tojo, confused. "Answers to what? I haven't done anything! Talk to Tama – she's the evil genius!"

"Uh... Simba, I think you got the wrong person," said a male cub from a few feet away. Tojo turned his attention towards the cub to see what he looked like. He had golden-brown fur and auburn eyes.

"I got that, Nala," the female cub replied. "This guy told me."

Uh... why is he calling her Simba? Tojo wondered. Last time I checked, Simba is the name of the Prince, and I'm pretty sure that doesn't make him a girl. And isn't Nala a girls' name? This day just keeps getting weirder.

Simba looked down at the male cub he had pinned down, before hopping off of him and turning his attention towards the female. *Maybe I shouldn't jump to conclusions next time*, Simba told himself as he looked over the female cub.

She looked rather... mean. She had tan-cream coloured fur with an orange tint, orange eyes and a tuft of fur over her head. She also had a brown tuft on her tail. Simba didn't think she was a very friendly cub.

"Okay, so who are you?" the cub demanded.

Simba narrowed his eyes. "So it's a *girl* who did this to us?" he exclaimed. "Since when did girls want to take over the kingdom?"

"Say what?" the cub said. "You think I'd want to take over *your* kingdom? I have better things to do than becoming a Queen. I only wanted to *live* there. Is that why you're harassing the greatest, most magical cub in the world? Do they have security checks now or something? A person like myself shouldn't have to deal with things like this."

"She can talk for a long while," Tojo informed Simba and Nala. "Believe me, I've had to put up with this for months."

"Shut up!" Tama snapped. "It's my turn to talk! Now what do you two people want from me? I don't normally take requests, but I want you out of my fur as soon as possible, so get on with it."

"You swapped our bodies around!" Nala shouted. "We want them switched back! Now!"

"Why would I want to swap your bodies around?" Tama asked, thinking this was an extremely outrageous thing they were accusing her of. "I'm too busy doing other things to play tricks on the likes of you."

Tojo pointed one of his claws in the air, still lying down on his back. "Tama, must I remind you that you demonstrated how erratic your magic powers were last night? You said you could cause something magical just by extending your claws, remember?"

Tama put a paw to her chin. "Oh, yeah," she said, finally remembering what she had done last night. She shrugged. "Guess it has a bit of a short range. You're just lucky I happened to be nearby, otherwise you would have been stuck like this for ever."

"So you'll change us back?" said Simba.

Tama nodded. "I suppose so. It'll be easy enough. I'm a very smart person, you see. Aren't I, Tojo?"

"You put the 'wit' in 'twit', Tama," Tojo told her.

"Yes, I do, don't I?" Tama said as she smiled, before turning her attention to Simba and Nala. "Please excuse my assistant, Tojo. He has a habit of worshipping me on a daily basis. I don't think he'll ever stop."

"So how will you change us back?" Nala asked, curious.

"Oh, that's simple," Tama answered as she held her paw up. "All I have to do is extend my claws again and you'll return to your rightful bodies. Then I can finally have some peace." Tama was about to extend her claws when an evil grin crossed her face. "But if I *do* return you to normal, then what's in it for me?"

"Huh?" Simba exclaimed, wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

"Well, you can't just expect me to change you back for free," Tama explained. "I want something in return."

Nala sighed. "Okay. What do you want? Control of the pride or something? That's what most of the creepy people we meet want."

Tama rolled her eyes. "Look, here's what I want: I just want you to let me and my slave – err, I mean assistant – become part of your wonderful pride."

Simba and Nala gave each other a look before turning to Tama. "And you don't want to control the kingdom?" Simba asked.

Tama shook her head. "Nope."

"You don't want to kill my Dad?"

"Nope."

"And you won't try to kill us every day?"

"I'll try not to."

"Fine. We'll let you in," Simba agreed. "But only if you change us back first."

"Yes, yes, yes. Here you go." Tama extended her claws, and the result was instantaneous. Both Simba and Nala felt a sudden whooshing sensation in their stomachs, and before they knew it, they found that they were back in their rightful bodies.

"Yes!" Simba exclaimed happily. "I got my body back! I got my eyes back, my face back, and my tuft!"

Tama's eyes widened when she heard Simba speaking in his proper body, and she felt a funny little sensation deep down in her stomach. It wasn't something she'd ever experienced around a person before, and it felt kind of... nice. She couldn't exactly explain it.

She noticed Simba looked really cute, too. His eyes glinted with mischief and care, his coat of fur looked very slick and smooth, and that tuft on top of his head... Well, it spoke for itself. Yep, Simba was certainly one adorable cub.

Nala breathed a sigh of relief as she shook her body to make sure everything was functioning properly. "Phew, everything's working all right. You didn't wreck anything after all, Simba."

Tojo slowly tried hauling himself up. "I do love a happy ending," he said before falling onto his back again and passing out.

"Come on! Let's get out of here!" Simba exclaimed, hopping to Nala's side, happy that he was back in his own body. "I'll race ya to the water hole!"

Nala grinned. "You're on!"

"Hey, are you coming?" Simba asked Tama, who just stared at him with a goofy smile. "Well...?"

"Yeah," Tama replied dreamily, as if she were in some kind of trance. "Later."

"Okay," Simba said before running off, surprising Nala.

"Hey!" Nala exclaimed as she ran after him. "You didn't tell me you'd started the race! That's cheating, Simba! Get back here!"

Tama just continued to stare at Simba as he disappeared into the distance, the sensation in her stomach increasing in intensity. It was like there were a thousand butterflies fluttering down there. "Wow..." she said as Simba disappeared. "He sure is something."

Tojo joined Tama by her side, having recovered from passing out. He noticed the entranced expression on her face, and waved a paw in front of her to try and snap her out of it. "Tama? Hello! What's wrong with you?"

Tama's goofy smile seemed to widen. "I think I'm in love."

The End

AN: Now that's what I call a cliffhanger! Looks like Tama has a crush on little Simba. But don't worry, I'm sure this won't be a *major plot point* in future stories to come... That'd be a silly assumption now, wouldn't it?

NEXT TIME: Mtumwa isn't too happy when he finds out that his idol, Scar, is dead, and plots his revenge...